Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, May 25, 1916 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Threnody.

Not in the ancient Abbey,
Nor in the city ground,
Not in the lonely mountain,
Nor in the blue profound
Lay him to rest when his time is come
And the smiling mortal lips are dumb;

But here in the decent quiet
Under the whispering pines.
Where the dogwood breaks in blossom
And the peaceful sunlight shines,
Where wild birds sing and ferns unfold,
When spring comes back in her green and gold.

And when that mortal likeness
Has been dissolved by fire,
Say not above the ashes,
"Here ends a man's desire."
For every year when the bluebirds sing,
He shall be part of the lyric spring.

Then dreamful-hearted lovers
Shall hear in wind and rain
The cadence of his music,
The rhythm of his refrain,
For he was a blade of the April sod
That bowed and blew with the whisper of God.

—*Bliss Carman, in Scribner's*

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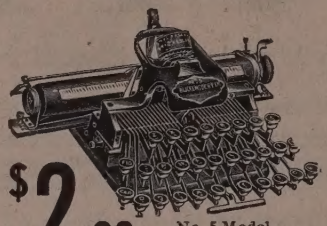

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916 NUMBER 13

SPRING GREETING.

All faintly through my soul today,
As from a bell that far away
Is tinkled by some frolic fay
  Floateth a lovely chiming.
Thou magic bell, to many a fell,
And many a winter-saddened dell
Thy tongue a tale of Spring doth tell,
  Too passionate-sweet for rhyming.

Chime out, thou little song of Spring,
Float in the blue skies ravishing.
Thy song-of-life a joy doth bring
  That's sweet, albeit fleeting.
Float on the Spring-winds e'en to my home:
And when thou to a rose shalt come
That hath begun to show her bloom,
  Say, I send her greeting

—From the German of Herder by Sidney Lanier.

Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, in his poem entitled "The Fighting Men," sees a vision above the clouds of:

Souls of soldiers homeward streaming,
To banquet with their foes.

A noble vision and worthy suggestion for Memorial Day celebrations.

The *Literary Digest* for May 20th contains interesting photographs showing how a "shut-in" member of the Netherlands Reform Church of New York City has been listening to her pastor's sermons by telephone as they were delivered in another part of the city. The thing is practical. We wonder if a general movement along these lines on the part of city churches might not lead some indolent Sabatarian golfers to "Tak a thought and mend their ways."

The Illinois University may boast of the largest Armory on any campus, but Wisconsin seems determined to enter into the competitive race on "preparedness," and it has set the boys working on some military trenches and barbed wire entanglements, three lines deep, all of which is to be embellished with a periscope. Some of the grandfathers of these boy diggers and amateur soldiers might teach them something of the traditions of the nearby athletic field now known as "The Randall Field," once known as "Camp Randall," where some mighty good soldiers were made in an astonishingly short space of time, without any university education in military science, or the art of killing. Has the Wisconsin University worked and taught all these years since 1861-1865 only to hark back to ante-Appomattox emotions and experiences? Has not the United States moved forward since then? Must things remain forever as they have been?

The peace-workers of the country designate May 18th as a Peace Day, it being the anniversary of the First Hague Peace Conference, a great epoch marking event in the history of the world, notwithstanding subsequent history. The present writer preferred to take the better established holiday, Memorial Day, the thirtieth of May, as an available occasion to teach children to hate war and love peace. In the name of fallen heroes it is a fitting time to plead for the abolishing of violence, the retirement of brute force and the glorification of internationalism, the child of reason, the demand of science, the prayer if not the practice of the individuals in all religions.

The Russell Sage Foundation bids fair to parallel in the realm of sociology, municipal and national political economy, the work done by the Rockefeller Foundation in the realm of physiology and sanitary science. Just now its Survey Department has been carrying on a most interesting investigation concerning the industrial conditions in Springfield, Illinois, the results of which have been published in a pamphlet of 155 pages with twenty illustrations, and which can be obtained for twenty-five cents by addressing The Department of Surveys and Exhibits, Russell Sage Foundation, 130 E. Twenty-second Street, New York. This survey is in no sense a "muck-raking" affair, but is the result of an impartial investigation of local conditions on nine main lines, among which are: Physical Safety and Workingmen's Compensation, Child Labor, Regulations of Employment, Hours of Work, One Hundred Wage-earning Families, the Industrial Betterment in Springfield, etc., etc. Let the good work go on.

We print in another column Arthur Chapman's fetching poem entitled "Out Where the West Begins," picked out of the June number of the *American*. The title suggests that the geography of the United States is becoming more and more psychic and not physical. "Out West" is a state of mind, an attitude of spirit and not a matter of longitude. The United States itself, with all its boasted acres, its much vaunted "rocks and rills," obtains its maximum in the spiritual continent. It stands for the hope of all humanity; it stands for a contempt for monarchy, a disgust for aristocracy, an independence from plutocracy. It stands for the invulnerable realm that is secure from invasion, not on account of its battleships, though they may be scientifically constructed and excellently

maintained; not on account of its cannons and bayonets, but on account of its determination to "play the game of life fair." As with individuals so with nations, strength and power belong to the one,

> Whose armor is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his highest skill.

That is a thrilling story told on a single page of the *American Magazine* for June, one-half of which is given to the pictures of the four Allred boys of Georgia, who have been setting a pace for the corn-growers of the world. These three brothers and a cousin, still in knee-pants, raised last year an average of 200 bushels of corn on each of their one-acre plots, Luther, the oldest of the four, having reached a maximum record of 227 bushels. These Georgia boys were not lucky but industrious. They sweated for the result, but brains helped in the battle. They represent the "preparedness" that this country needs. Should the emergency ever arise for these boys to use bayonets instead of hoes to clear the ground of weeds, we may rest assured the nation will find them prepared. Well does Mr. F. H. Higgins say in this account of the new heroism and the more than military valor:

> The Allred boys are only four of an army of nearly a third of a million boys and girls, in every State of the United States, who are fighting weeds and bugs, growing larger crops and beating the high cost of living. They are captains in an army that military experts have been overlooking in estimating Uncle Sam's fighting strength; they represent a citizenry trained in more and better crops. At their present rate of growth they will be a million strong within three years.

And now W. D. McCracken, a member of the Lectureship Board of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, has, according to the papers, discovered that the law of heredity is "entirely unfounded according to Scientific Christianity." We never quite know what this combination of terms really means even in the mouths of those who use it so confidently. It does seem as if science untrammeled by Christianity does establsh some connection between parent and child. There is something that seems to transmit the color of the eyes, the texture of the hair, the pigments of the skin from parent to child. Does this law of transmission go no deeper? Horsemen have learned to quote with some confidence the maxim "blood will tell" on the race course. Does this law reach no farther than the stable? "Christianity," shorn of its scientific pretensions and dogmatism, seems to recognize a connection between the seed and the harvested fruit. "Who hath sinned, this man or his parents?" seems to be a New Testament perplexity. After all allowance is made for the power of the will and the soul's ability to control its surroundings and circumstances, spite of the easy dismissals by this representative of "scientific Christianity"—whatever that may mean—we fear that the law of heredity will continue to "harass humanity into mental, moral and physical ailments," more or less uncurbed, and that the sublimity of life must be established through the struggle of the ages as well as the strivings of the individual.

One of the illuminating articles in the current weeklies that has more than passing interest is in the *Survey* for May 6th, entitled "Turned Back in Time of War: Ellis Island Under War Conditions," by Frederic C. Howe. Mr. Howe's position as Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, his skillful pen and sunlit judgment is reinforced in this article with a profusion of illustrations drawn by Joseph Stella that tell a wonderful story. This article calls for a reiteration of the doctrine, advanced in the columns of UNITY, that those who know most about the immigration problem of the United States are the least distressed over it, and intimate contact with the immigrant only adds dignity and sanctity to the mission of the United States in the matter. Mr. Howe says:

> This is a remarkable demonstration of the fact that vice and crime are largely the result of poverty and lack of opportunity. When industrial conditions improve, when even the down-and-out alien, unfamiliar with our land and institutions, was given a chance and aided by a kindly word and a lift, he has been able to make good and retrieve his past.
>
> Nothing has so confirmed my philosophy that the wrong of the world, the evil, the vice, and the criminal actions of people are traceable back to the environment in which people live—to bad housing, to inadequate wages, to lack of decent recreation, as the way America absorbs and builds up discards whenever they are given a fair chance. All that seems to be necessary is a little help, a job and a minimum of attention. The experience of a year and a half at Ellis Island has convinced me that the evils usually ascribed to the badness of people are social in their origin. They are not traceable to the inherent viciousness of people. They are traceable to the inherent badness of our social order.
>
> It is not too much to say that a great part of the abuse that was prevalent a few years ago in connection with the alien, has disappeared from the city of New York. He is still despoiled by fake banks and ticket agencies; he is exploited in the mill and the factory and by private employment agencies; but persistent inspection by state and federal authorities and the hearty co-operation of the police and the courts have cleaned out many of the wrongs which a few years ago passed by unnoticed.

And now must we do without *Harper's Weekly*, the paper that for fifty-six years has borne a name so identified with whatever was clean, high and progressive in current literature? The paper whose pages were rendered charming by the editorial pen of George William Curtis, whose heroism as a leader of reform was always touched with the graciousness that belongs to a gentleman, the unanswerable logic of a noble personality. This is the paper that discovered Thomas Nast, the first of the noble line of American cartoonists who preach with their pencils, prick the bubbles of conceit, the fostering carbuncles

of state corruption with the stilletto of art. But the *Independent* remains and the announcement says that "the corporation has acquired *Harper's Weekly.*" The *Independent* reaches nine years farther back than *Harper's Weekly,* the former having reached its fifty-ninth year, the latter being fattened by the aid of *Harper's Weekly* in its sixty-eighth year. We will not yield to the morbid reflections that go with gray hairs. We will believe in the transmigration of souls and cling to the faith that somehow *Harper's Weekly* still abides, but we will not disguise our grief, not only because we have lost an old friend, tutor and guide, but because we feel that it died from too much excellence. Let us speak plainly,—it was killed by the clamorous crowd of "Rough Riders" who, masking in war paint and reveling in barbaric feathers in the shape of "Sunday Editions" of great dailies, and a brood of feverish monthlies, "Smart Sets," "Black Cats" and "Red Cats," etc., etc. May Hamilton Holt, thus reinforced, still hold the outposts of culture and refinement erected by Curtis, Howells, Nast, Greeley, Beecher and the major poets against noisy invaders with "tomtoms," "big sticks" and war paint.

From Outside the Pale

Chicago has had a remarkable manifestation of human sympathy, a searching, far-reaching demonstration of the generosity of the human heart when its cords are touched by an unmistakable cry of woe.

The Jews of America are being aroused to the cry of woe that comes from their fellow religionists in the war zones of Europe. A great meeting in New York a few weeks ago raised over a million dollars for the fund. Last week Chicago responded with what seemed to the outsiders remarkable celerity. The Chicago fund promises to reach over half a million. It was a great meeting that filled the Auditorium to the galleries. Monsignor Kelly, representative of Archbishop Mundelein, of the Church of Rome, made the opening speech. Mr. Calhoun, the Protestant ex-minister to China, followed. The Editor of UNITY spoke, but the main address was made by Dr. Magnus, a young Jewish Rabbi from New York, who for an hour held with most intense painfulness the large audience by an uninterrupted flow of gruesome facts, the horrible details of wrongs and sufferings inflicted upon the innocent Jewish women, children and aged men in the war zones. When the opportunity was given the tearful audience responded with an alacrity and a generosity that was enkindling. The opening subscription was for $50,000. Four $10,000 subscriptions followed. Then came the clamorous torrent of subscriptions in sums from $5,000 down to $25, and a battalion of young ladies were kept busy in bringing to the platform minor subscriptions in envelopes which they had handed out empty and brought back full. Many envelopes contained all the loose change available in the pockets of the contributors, and rings, silver cigarette cases and other jewelry and trinkets indicated how general was the response.

All this was very creditable to the Jewish heart. It was one more evidence that benevolence, or, if the narrower word is more fitting, generosity, is a real element in the religion of Israel as it should be, based as it is on a literature so charged with the duty of helpfulness.

But this occasion so complimentary to Jewry was an arraignment of the Gentile world. The Christianity in whose name these atrocities were perpetrated. the Christianity that has such a long list of crimes against the Jews written upon the pages of history, stood by in comparative indifference. There were exceptions. But in the main those from outside the pale, who ought to have been quick to hear the wail of hungry children and the groans of outraged women, looked on as interested spectators of a movement that had no claims upon them.

This cry of woe has again lifted the Jews, divided among the belligerent forces, caught in the inspirations of nationality, seduced by patriotism to enter a fratricidal war, into the larger loyalties and into a recognition of the claims of brotherhood. But the world waits a still higher synthesis, one where the distinction between Jew and Gentile fades, and prosperous Christian joins with prosperous Jew in responding to the call of the human. The scene at the great Auditorium last week was national, and as such inspiring, but it ought to have been international, thereby vindicating the boast of the Christian as well as the Jew that their religion is humane, practical in its application, universal in its reaches.

Spring in the air and the wild geese winging,
(Heart of my heart, be still!)
In the far green places the robin singing,
And the bluejay calling shrill;
Here, where the steam pipes hiss their 'plaining,
For chill of the winter slow,
Are desk and duty alike remaining
(Down, leaping pulse; I know!)

Oh, to be out in the open weather
(Voice of my soul, refrain!)
With heart as light as a vagrant feather
And the whole wide world to gain:
Stay! Here at at hand are the magic pages
That vision the fields and sea,
And never a line but delight engages—
(Heart of my soul, we're free!)

—Ethel M. Colson.

The Maintaining of Peace

I.

There is ground for fearing that the notion of "peace at any price" can hardly be made to suit the temper of the majority of our citizens, ideally right as it may seem to be. Looking out upon our fair land, and noting its values both natural and developed, the ordinary man can scarcely help thinking that these are too great and too choice to be allowed free and unopposed invasion from maddened and greedy believers in war. Although the nation is so young, comparatively, what it has attained has been at too great a price to be recklessly or timidly exposed to predatory selfishness from any quarter. We have too much of the politically and socially good in our keeping to admit of our honorably yielding it to tyrannical victors of any sort. The natural, the patriotic, the divine disposition, is, to be prepared to fend off invaders and maintain our status as true citizens of a nation that is worth safeguarding.

Such, at any rate, is the impression one gets from commingling with ordinary men and women. Much as they may hate war and shrink from its horrors, they do not feel disposed to sit down to be run over by peoples who see only, and are jealous of, our prosperity, and know little of the sacrifice and skill and industry by which it has been achieved. "Peace on earth," they say, "we all pray for and hope for; this we will maintain to the best of our ability. But if we are open to predacious invasion from any quarter, then will we be ready to be up in arms to prevent it, and with our whole might!"

Such is the sentiment that seems to prevail with the majority of our citizens, and such is the sentiment that "ought to prevail," they say, if we are to prove our right to leadership in the coming years. "Passively letting barbarians of any sort overpower us and subject us to their ancient ideas of government and statecraft would be but simply telling the world that we are entirely unworthy of the trust confided to our hands. The cowardly, the blind, the negligent, the unprepared, are certainly not the sort of people to which valuable lives and properties and organizations should be entrusted for safe-keeping. No loyal citizen of these United States can find himself in this inane attitude with any sort of self-respect worth believing in. Being faithful to our own, prepares us to be faithful to the interests of all. This is seen to be the fundamental law of God and of man when history is rightly interpreted. No sensible person wants peace at the price of his self-respect and his personal integrity. He wants peace and peaceful activities, but he expects to be ready to maintain these at any reasonable cost. Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? is still the question that has but one answer: No! We want peace, everlasting peace, but, 'God forbid!'—now as in the days of Patrick Henry—the idea that any nation should ever reduce us to the condition of tributary servitude because of inane sentiment or trifling diplomacy or dawdling preparedness on our own part, is not to be tolerated. The American people have too much at stake for the good of the whole world, as well as for their own, to admit of any such stupidity or cowardice prevailing. We know our rightful position in the parliament of nations, and we are morally as well as politically bound to maintain it. So much is certain. How we are to maintain it, is another and the only question."

II.

An increasing number are saying also that "our peace with the rest of the world is to be maintained only by preparing for war." They think very seriously that many and great battleships, unlimited smaller craft, millions of uniformed men, are the only means applicable to the imagined or impending emergency. Some or many really do imagine such an emergency at hand, and would have our whole land turned into efficient minute-men, and our whole coast surmounted with guns of incomparable caliber. In other words, they would have us turned into a warlike nation practically as well as ideally, in order that our lives may be safe and our homes and properties unmolested!

But these good people lose sight of the fact that such universal warlike preparation from motives such as are usually formed in human minds, would prove the surest means of landing us in the very slough that we theoretically hope to escape, and that such warlike preparation with ideas of war chiefly back of it, would portend actual war from the first. With everything ready for war, it would take but a small clash of opinion in diplomatic or legislative circles to precipitate our land into the very jaws of war, almost before we were aware of what was under way, and certainly before the public voice and organized opposition could prevent it. Under the blinding stress of such an "emergency" all the undisciplined shallow enthusiasm of the land would rise in a swell that any amount of sober real patriotism could not allay. We would be in war before we knew it, and would be almost universally hurrahing for it before we realized what the situation really meant. Every natural fetich, no matter how silly, every patriotic "sentiment," no matter how dangerous, every weak-backed fraudulent "reason," would be invoked by those who had little or no tangible responsibility or forethought or care but to urge on the stampede, sustained of course by the fullest confidence that, "we being prepared there would be little or no use of hesitating, or considering, or keeping the peace?" Like a wildfire in the midst of a prairie, over our whole land the aroused and fanned passions of men, women and even children would spread in one unmanageable holocaust of war's hideous actuality, all because we had come to be "prepared," but *with the idea of war instead of peace* uppermost in mind, if not in heart, during all the season of preparation. Instead of preparing to maintain peace, we would find that we had really all the time felt that we were preparing to prosecute war; and now, when the opportunity was actually at hand, we would find in our hearts and minds only the least forceful reasons or none at all, for not engaging in war. This would apply just as truly to those of us found in civil walks as to those more especially found in war circles. As human nature is, trusting alone or chiefly to preparedness of the advertised sort to maintain peace, would prove altogether too risky to be satisfactory to any truly patriotic citizen. He *must* ask for something more, and labor strenuously to secure it, if possible.

III.

The "something more," from the patriotic view most suitable to us, is, it seems to me, that every thought respecting preparedness shall be to such an extent and in such a manner only, that no nation or nations will dare to attack us, simply because of an ideal unflinching readiness to do *the right* thing promptly and efficiently. Preparedness should mean such a solid front of actual, practical every-day efficiency and readiness that the idea of impregnability shall never escape the on-looking nations of the world. The world must be able to see that we can actually take care of ourselves, and mean to do it in spite of its jealousy or greed or hate. To this the only end, every sort of preparation ought to be well planned and just as well executed. Haphazard, tricky, half done and half managed warlike preparedness will but lead to a false sense of security, and be practically worse than none. The best minds in this whole land should study day and night how best to prepare a system of defense that will be efficient if called on. To the planning and executing of this, every legislative and administrative effort should be given unqualifiedly. God knows how much skill and perseverance, and especially how much common honesty, is required for this, from beginning to end. One staggers as one asks, "Have we really the men needed for such a task? Have we men that can tell the difference between efficiency and readiness and the reverse; between honorable, exact dealing and the contrary; between a thing really done and one evasively and but partly done? Have we men that will actually see to it that what is done is of the best, and is reliable to the extreme?" Unless we have such men, all our talk about preparedness and all our efforts to get ready will be misleading and costly to an extent not to be estimated. It certainly is not *lasa majestas* to ask of our legislators and executors and military circles, "Are you really to be relied upon in all these important respects?" No notion of "discourtesy," or "unfaith" or "pessimism" should be allowed to interfere with the universal demand that our authorities really rise to the occasion, whatever it is or may be, and give us reliable service rather than unreliable. What we, who expect to pay the bills, emphatically demand is, that all those who through pride of position or conceit or laziness or policy dare to deceive the people here, shall be considered traitors *sui generis*, and put where they can neither do harm to themselves nor interfere with the activities of those who can be depended upon to do the right thing, always.

IV.

But material preparedness of the better sort even will not maintain peace unless we emphatically direct that it shall not plunge us into war. We shall say without befogging that "Peace is what our material preparation should be expected to be for, and this only!" Not that we may successfully prosecute war; war we will not have if possible to prevent it; but that we may successfully maintain peace,—*this* should be the only thing in mind during all the time of our preparation. This is the motive, this is the fact, that should be kept before our minds, old and young, native-born and foreign-born, rich and poor, loyal and disloyal at home and abroad, now and ever more! That we prepare for and expect to maintain peace; that war has no place in our policy; that no one need look to us for war; or expect to gain from us by forcing us to go to war,—this is the sentiment that should be present in our minds, in order really to make of us an impregnable nation, and should be kept foremost in the world's mind, in order to make it respect our position and keep its bloody hands off, and its tricky delusionings to itself. Peace with a front so massive, so efficient, so alert, so determined, so active, that it can never be broken—this is the ideal toward which every thought of and every effort at preparedness should look. Material preparedness? Yes, if really needed, properly designed and carried out. But more than this, always the *notional* preparedness likewise, that should be fostered in every loyal mind and heart, and that can come only from right inculcation persisted in without ceasing. Let us have peace, surely. But let us not forget that only the notion of a peace that is founded on right sentiments of the people, sustained by such common-sense preparedness as only the best, most loyal, farthest-seeing skill and enterprise can assure us, can ever prevent this nation from becoming involved in war. Then only will the hatred and jealousy and trickery and greed of all the world avail as nothing; and our better kind of strength become in turn the strength of other nations, until our trust, as the representative of peaceful industry opposed to the ravages of destructive warfare, shall be fulfilled,—even as we are kept safe from ravages that belie all self-respect and every assertion of "manifest destiny."

Camden, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

A WISH FOR A LITTLE MAID.

Kindly Nature, take this child,
Train her in thy forests wild!
Lead her by thy laughing brooks,
Till their joy laughs in her looks.
Make her lithe in form and mien,
As the white birch, draped in green.

Let her voice as mellow grow,
As the thrush-song's silvery flow,
Filling all this leafy wood
With sweet prophecies of good.
Let each breeze a message bear,
Of an unseen love and care.

Bring her from thy fountains bright,
Draughts of crystal, living light.
Feed her, lowly tho' her guise,
With thy strength to make her wise.
Let her sacred maidenhood
Grow in sweetest solitude.

Let the fragrance of all flowers
And the hush of twilight hours,
Let the glowing sky's deep blue
And the rainbow's varied hue
Fill her soul with loveliest grace
And shine outward in her face.

Tenderly to her impart,
O great Nature, all thy heart!
Teach her much of Love, so she
Thine interpreter may be,
A reflection, clear and fine,
Of thy loveliness divine!

—*Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.*

The World-Task of the Church

Rev. Wm. P. Merrill, President Elect of A World Alliance of Churches for the Promotion of International Friendship

The real theme which I am to discuss is not so much "The World-Task of the Church" as "The Part the Church Should Play in the Task Confronting the World."

What is the task which confronts the world just now? It is to bring about a *real unity* in the organized life of mankind. The time has come when the civilized world must take another and forward step. Humanity has mounted from clan organization, through cities and states to federations and empires. It must take the last great and decisive step of world-organization.

Many forces must co-operate to bring about this result. It is in part a political development. In part a juridical, in large part it must be an economical development. It will demand the highest skill and the greatest energy of which man is capable along all these lines. To make world-organization effective, an international court must be worked out, the problem of international policing must be solved, and,—most vital of all,—a way or ways must be found whereby the economic interests of the great nations may be clearly shown to be closely identified with the success of the world-organization. Little has been said as yet with regard to that last point. In fact we are only beginning to appreciate how immense, how decisive, economic forces have been in bringing about national organization. Professor Beard's masterly analysis of the power which economic arguments had in bringing about the adoption of our national constitution makes us feel that at last we have been taken behind the scenes, and have seen the actors in that great political drama as they were. We see how unassailable is the assertion that the success of the constitution of the United States was largely due to the fact that the several states felt that their economic interests had been tied up with the success of the constitutional movement. Somehow in the outworking of an international or world constitution, it must be made economically advantageous for a nation to join the league, or economically disadvantageous to stay out.

In the case of all these movements or developments the church will be called upon to push and to help. World Court Congresses, Leagues to Enforce Peace, and all the rest, will appeal to the church for moral and practical support. And the church should respond with all the influence it can exert.

But the real and great part the church is to play in this world task is not in being a helper or adjunct in these movements. The church has something more than *moral influence* to contribute. Far more important is it that the church shall do well its own distinctive part in the task of bringing about real and enduring world-unity. What is that distinctive function of the church? As I see it, it is to give to the movement toward world-unity a *sanctity* and a *spirit*.

When I speak of a *sanctity*, I mean something to inspire men, something about which they may rally with loyalty and enthusiasm, something which will win for world-unity not merely the approval of their reasons, but the passionate loyalty of their hearts.

One weakness of the peace movements, and world organization movements, which have so far been projected, has been the fact that so largely they have been characterized by light without heat. A world court is an eminently reasonable proposition, but no one can work up any great passion of loyalty toward a world court. And men are swayed by loyalties and passions even more than by cool reason. If we doubted that before the war, we cannot doubt it now.

The greatest need, if we are ever to see world-unity a fact, is not a well-drawn political constitution, or a well-planned international judicial procedure, or even the enlistment of economic advantage. Powerful as all these are, and necessary as they are, there is something even more vitally needed. Somehow we must *lift men's loyalty above their local patriotisms*. That is the supreme need, if ever we are to have world-organization. Our federal government would quickly fall to pieces if loyalty to the United States did not take precedence over loyalty to any constituent state. The nearest approach to ruin which our constitutional government has known came when honest men in a large section of this country put state loyalty above national loyalty. They loved America, but their first loyalty was to South Carolina, or Virginia, or Georgia. International government will be a mere sand-rope as long as men in general feel that their first loyalty is to the race or the nation to which they belong, rather than to the international organization.

The war has afforded a startling proof of the tremendous force which is in the sentiment of *patriotism*. There was much talk before the war of growing internationalism. I saw the statement that in Belgium alone over two hundred international organizations of one sort and another had their representatives and offices. We dreamed that this network of international relationship would ward off the danger of war. But the net did not hold. The instant war broke internationalism fell like a mask and patriotism glared forth. Reason and economic advantage and all sound sense were on the side of internationalism; but internationalism had no sanctity, nothing about which to rally, no flag, no name, no appeal to the heart.

What can give to international government, to world-organization, that heart-appeal, that power to arouse a loyalty that shall catch up into itself and carry over into something higher and finer the high and fine instinct of patriotism? What is there that can do it save the vison Jesus saw, of "The Kingdom of God?"

The church must make men see the kingdom of God as a living, present reality; not a thing of heaven or of bye and bye; but the greatest and finest of present realities, the loyalty above all other loyalties. It can and should begin now, right in the midst of the war, to assert the superior rights of the kingdom, the supremacy of divine ideals over all sovereignties. Against the pernicious doctrine that a sovereign state is irresponsible, because there is no higher power to which it owes allegiance, the church must assert uncompromisingly that above all kingdoms is the kingdom of God. It would be a glorious sight if some modern Ambrose would appear to refuse the communion of the church to every blood-stained Theodosius of our day, and to vindicate the power of the spiritual forces of God's kingdom over the claims of state sovereignty.

The mightiest help toward world-unity would come through the transformation of patriotism into loyalty to the world-organization; and what could bring that about more strongly and surely than if the church should throw about the ideal of world-organization something of the sanctity that attaches to the kingdom of God?

There was a time when the church did give to mankind a higher unity, loyalty to which took precedence over all local patriotisms. The Holy Catholic Church made world-loyalty possible for every man. Doomed to failure as it was through its obvious faults of worldly conformity, enforced authority, emphasis on material power and ambition and the like, nevertheless it was a magnificent ideal. And defend as we may the wisdom and necessity of the Reformation, we must admit that a splendid factor in world unity was lost when the church was split into fragments, and Christians were encouraged to set sectarian loyalty above loyalty to the Catholic Church. Can we not bring into play again this instinct of super-loyalty, through holding up before men the vision of the kingdom of God, not an iron-bound ecclesiasticism, but an ideal of a great union of mankind, a world-unity through which God shall call to men for their deepest, noblest loyalty? But the church must give to the movement toward world unity, not only sanctity, but spirit, the spirit that shall lead men in the way of co-operation of the broadest and fullest sort.

Real internationalism, actual world-organization, can never come and abide so long as men believe that outward force is the ultimate arbiter. Men must be awakened to the fact that spiritual forces are supreme. They must be made to see that when God said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit," He was not setting a bow in the clouds, bright colored but quickly dissolving; He was declaring a fixed law of human life and progress.

Here is the church's opportunity. We must unite on the great spiritual realities and make them see that these are supreme. We must show men the folly and fallacy of a "preparedness" policy which is concerned only with outward equipment, and counts that sufficient. But we must see just as clearly that the man or church whose only message is a *protest* against outward equipment, who counts preparedness in armament the chief danger, is standing on the same materialistic plane as that on which the advocate of mailed force stands. The church must declare and make men see that supreme above all questions of size of armament is the question of the spirit that is in a nation, the ideals that guide it, the policies it espouses and maintains. There is a spirit without which an unarmed nation would be cowardly and contemptible, and without which an armed nation would be a bully and a thug. Let the man who believes in preparedness confess, if he be a Christian, that he would rather see America unarmed and defenseless than unjust and merciless and savage in her might; let the man who opposes further armament confess, if he be a Christian, that he would rather see America burdened with a huge army and navy than greedy and fat and degenerate. And let both of them, while standing manfully each for the national policy he thinks right, stand together in the realization that above all things America needs the right spirit, the character that will make her a worthy part of the world's life. The Christian may be on the one side or on the other. But he cannot be a Christian unless he counts that spirit supreme over both sides in importance. "Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

The church most foster, among its members, the broadest and fullest kind of faith in brotherhood, confidence toward all men of all races, deep and steady good will.

One of the clearest facts emerging from the current discussions about the war and its problems is the fact developed with great power by Mr. Lippmann in his book "The States of Diplomacy," that the most fertile breeding grounds of friction and strife between nations are the backward races, the undeveloped countries. He suggests, as others do, that international organization should begin with co-operative oversight of these undeveloped countries and peoples. But the church can do something right here more powerful in its influence than all that statesmen can do. The church *is* already doing much to help solve this problem through her foreign missionary enterprise, founded on a genuine respect for the rights of all men, and on unselfish service as the right method of approach to backward races. But the church must foster in all its people a sense of Christian justice and kindness and brotherliness toward all men, that will not tolerate exploitation of the weaker peoples by the stronger. Say what you will in criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy, at least he has not done the will or served the interests of the commercial exploiter; in that is something of which Christians should be proud.

It is to provide practical ways of making these ideals and aims definite that this organization has come into being. We believe the time has come for definite organization and specific endeavor on the part of the churches to foster the spirit of good will, of friendliness, of intelligent interest in other races, of real, wide-reaching brotherhood. The only way in which this can be done is the way of Jesus, through little groups, one here, another there, through personal influence of soul on soul. If this World Alliance of Churches shall mean anything in America, it will not be most of all through perfecting a great organization, or through a general movement. It will be through small groups, one in each church, or one in each community, where men meet and study and think and gain information and vision. That is the meaning of these Peacemakers' Committees and Commissions which Dr. Gulick urges. They do not mean more machinery, more organization; God forbid! They mean more study, more sympathy, more personal contact and inspiration. Put the accent where President Faunce put it, not on "peace" so much as on "makers". We must preach and teach and make men see that peace is not mere *warlessness*. It is ever a by-product of justice. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever." We are fond of quoting the beautiful words "peace like a river." But the thought is not complete until we add, "and righteousness like the waves of the sea." Out from the sea the river draws its supply. And only out of a righteousness like the sea can come a peace like a river.

It is a solemn and mighty task which confronts the church, thus to give to the movement for world unity

its sanctity and its spirit. The church must be what it has not been if it is to do such work. It must be filled with the spirit of the highest and fullest unity. It must call on its members to put loyalty to the kingdom above loyalty to any sect or to the church as a whole. A church which evidently cares more for divisive and sectarian issues than for the one kingdom of God, a church that will not lay down its life for the kingdom, can never lead or inspire the nations to set loyalty to the one kingdom above their local patriotisms.

Only a church passionately loyal to the gospel of Jesus can meet the need of this great day. There is much talk of the "old" gospel; but too often what is meant is in reality not an old, but a middle-aged gospel. We must get back to Christ's own gospel of the kingdom, and be ready to let go any and all theological and ecclesiastical clothes, or we shall not be able to lead men into the great unities of life and love and brotherhood. Who knows but that out of this time of fiery trial may come the redemption of the church itself, the larger deeper Christian life for which we have longed? Some day the prodigal world will come to itself and return to the Father. God help the church in that great day not to play the cold and narrow and conventional part of the elder brother, but through self-sacrificing love to lead mankind up to the kingdom prepared for us by the Father of us all.

The Fellowship of the Mystery

"The mysteries of the Kingdom of God," "stewards of the mysteries," "the fellowship of the mystery,"—such expressions as these may not at first thought seem to find anything that answers to them in our own religious experience. Our religion, we think, is simple, easy to comprehend. There is no mystery about it, nothing that is obscure or hidden. We have no mystic doctrines, no rituals whose meaning can be grasped only by the few, no language for the things of religion other than our mother tongue, the speech of common folk, no guarded scriptures, no sacred enclosures. The Kingdom of God, far from being a thing of mysteries, of shadows and obscurities, is as free and open as God's air and sunshine. Goodness is simple human living. "The commandment is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off. But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thine heart, that thou mayest do it."

In this sense our religion *is* simple and open and free to all. We are not mystery makers. We create no artificial mysteries. We build no walls, erect no partitions. Yet our religion, all genuine religion, has its mysteries, its natural and inevitable mysteries, and so its fellowship of mystery, and its stewardship of mystery.

Our modern temper of mind, our democracy, is apt to be resentful of mysteries, scornful. We are inclined to deny at once the imputation that anyone possesses any secret we do not possess, has access where we are shut out. It seems to reflect upon us. We are just as good as our neighbor. We can go where he goes, see what he sees, hear what he hears. Have we not ears and eyes? Have we not minds of our own? We will tolerate no claims of intellectual or spiritual caste, of circles of superior knowledge and insight. Yet no assertion of equality, no dogma of a spurious democracy, jealous of all superiority of privilege, can do away with the fact that everyone of us stands outside closed doors. Doors are closed in our face on every side, doors of mystery, doors behind which those to whom it is given to understand are united in the fellowship of a mystery. These are the fellowships of thought, of knowledge, of sentiment, of spirit, of purpose, of experience, of power. Nothing can open the closed door that stands between us and any such fellowship of mystery except a share in that which constitutes that particular mystery.

Every craft has its mystery, its fellowship of mystery. There, for instance, is the fellowship of the physicians. They know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Health. To them it is given, according as the degree in which their application, experience, personal fitness, have prepared them. Common traditions, knowledge, ideals, bind them together. They talk a language unintelligible to the layman save as some share of their knowledge, some kindred ideals, enable him to lift the corner of the veil of mystery. There are many other fellowships of mystery, fellowships of special knowledge, special aptitudes, special experiences.

Within each of these fellowships there are more closely drawn circles, not only circles of superior knowledge, special fitness, greater experience, but circles drawn by a spirit. The teachers, for instance, find within the general fellowship of their profession certain smaller fellowships of those who have caught the real meaning of what it is to be a teacher, what it *ought* to be, those to whom it is something more than a mere way of earning a living, to whom it is a path of service, a passion, a joy. These are the fellowships of profounder insight, higher ambitions, nobler ideals. Business men and women, artisans, people of the most prosaic-seeming occupations, find these same ascending, narrowing circles of fellowship.

These higher circles of the fellowships of mystery have a common ideal circle where they can join. In the technical mysteries of the physician and surgeon's calling, the special knowledge of the lawyer, the professional training of the teacher, the special fitness of the artisan or business man, we may not, perhaps, share. But at the top of each of these professions, trades, crafts, there is a common room where all may meet and mingle; the fellowship of those who understand and accept the ideals of faithfulness, service, integrity. In this common lodge-room of the ideal, men and women who have ascended by diverse stairways, carpenter and plumber, merchant and farmer, teacher and lawyer, editor and physician may gather, share a common spirit, talk a common language.

But this, too, is a secret room, a room of mystery, with its closed doors. Many people do not believe it exists, the kind of men and women to whom "business is business." They scoff at it, as those to whom it is not given to understand scoff at every one of the sacred mysteries of the Kingdom of God. "Hearing they hear, and in no wise understand, and seeing they see and do not perceive." They say that they are rich, and have need of nothing, and know not that they are wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked. The secret is quite safe from their discovery. They hear the words, but they are so much meaningless jargon. "What do these things

mean that are spoken by you?" They ask skeptically, "What is an ideal, what is honor, integrity, justice, and the joy of them that you prate about?" And those who speak from within the fellowship of the mystery are obliged to answer, "We cannot tell you. We can only hint at it. It is something that cannot fully be told. It is in a code that no one has power to communicate. But come inside and you will know what is the fellowship of the mystery."

Unto what shall we liken the fellowship of the mystery of the Kingdom of God, and unto what shall we compare it? It is like the fellowship of the musicians, of the artists, of the poets, and the circle within circle within those fellowships of mystery. It is the fellowship of an insight, an experience, an affection, a loyalty, a power. There is a special intimate comradeship of the true musicians, the true artists, the true seers and singers. Each of these comradeships is difficult of access, and the higher the circle of fellowship the more difficult. "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure!" is written across the gate of each of them. Yet a fellowship of this sort is a fellowship that leaps centuries, crosses seas, ignores barriers of country and race, binding together in common understandings, sympathies, ideals, men of the most diverse times, places, outward circumstances. Robert Browning's "Abt Vogler" expresses this consciousness of a shared intimate experience:

"God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians *know*."

So every group speaks out of its special vision. There is the fraternity of an art, and there is the fraternity of art across the arts, the fraternity of the seers, the lovers, the interpreters of the beautiful, the sublime, the true.

Most of us, perhaps, stand on the outskirts of these circles, candidates, novitiates. We enter into the fellowship of the mystery not by technical knowledge or creative power of our own, but as we catch the vision of beauty or truth from the masters. Though we may never be musicians, or artists, or poets, we enter humbly into their fellowship through our appreciations. We may hear with them, see with them, understand with them, feel that we have caught from them some glimpse of the wisdom, the beauty, of the world's great mystery, which has been hidden in God since the world began, waiting till these should discover and make it manifest, till God should reveal it to them and through them to us by his Spirit in the human spirit, the power that worketh in us. Oh, the unsearchable riches of the world, of human life, waiting for the seeing eye, the understanding heart, the interpreter!

The true artist, poet, prophet, feels this sense of something hidden, challenging search, challenging his powers of expression. He seeks it forever, never satisfied, as he travels upward from circle to circle, and the fellowship of the mystery includes not only the consciousness of what has been revealed, but the sense of what is yet to be revealed, what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived." "For the Spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God."

How varied is the fellowship of the mysteries of the Kingdom of God! There is the fellowship of the seekers and lovers of truth, whose passion is to "bring to light the hidden things of darkness," the noble fellowship of men and women in all ages and places who have sought for the truth, been loyal to the truth, yielding themselves servants and voices to the truth. There is the fellowship of the lovers described in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the fellowship of men and women of large understandings and sympathies, ready and wide affections, men and women rich in the power of loving. There is the fellowship of practical human service, the fellowship of the Good Samaritan, into which all kindly human helpfulness, all answer to human need in the spirit of human brotherhood, admits. There are the fellowships of the spiritual life described in the Beatitudes, the fellowship of the pure in heart, who through their inner life catch a vision of God, the fellowship of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the idealists, those who share a moral passion, the fellowship of the persecuted for righteousness' sake, those who suffer willingly for their principles.

Each of these blesseds draws a circle of vision, understandings, experience, around those it describes. To those who are without that circle it is meaningless. The sensualist, the materialist, scoffs at purity of heart and life, and its vision of God. He does not believe that there is any such thing. The arrogant and the belligerent scornfully reject the notion that there is any virtue or blessedness in being gentle of spirit, unassuming, or that the meek can inherit anything. The earth is for him who can grab most of it. The peace-makers, those who believe in the possibility of peace, love it, work for it, hope for it, are to those without their circle of blessedness impractical dreamers, visionaries, fools. The selfish, the expediency-servers, have no conception of any happiness to be found in suffering for a principle, standing by what is right at any cost; not they. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," says the cynical Satan of the materialistic selfishness. "The word of the cross is to them that are perishing foolishness; but unto us who are being saved it is the power of God."

Fellowships of the mysteries of the Kingdom of God, fellowships of vision, of experience, of spirit and life, of blessedness, fellowships of faiths and hopes opening out of experience, pressing into the future, these are among life's greatest realities. And here, as in the arts and crafts, there are the higher and the lower circles. There are the Masters of spirit and life, who have penetrated to the inmost secrets, the mysteries of godliness, the circles of blessedness, through their superior vision and insight, their experience, their tests of life, their consecration and faithfulness. And here are we, candidates for those higher mysteries, most of us initiates, novices, who have hardly yet so much as touched the outer circles of the mysteries of the Kingdom, or caught a hint of the secret, but who, as we press on, find hidden wisdom revealing itself to us through the Spirit, fresh insights and understandings, richer experience, truer happiness, larger faiths and hopes, and so enter humbly and reverently into the fellowship of the mystery.

An inseparable part of the fellowship of the mystery is the consciousness of the stewardship of the mystery. The true artist, musician, poet, prophet, the true possessor of any superior insight or power, feels himself an interpreter, thinks of himself as the

priest of his art or craft, seeks ever to find a door of utterance that he may speak the mystery. Upon all those who deeply share in the fellowship of the mysteries of the Kingdom of God there is this burden of conscious stewardship. They hold themselves ambassadors in bonds that all men may know what is the fellowship of the mystery, may enter into the inmost circles of spirit, faith, life. "Let a man so account of *us* as stewards of the mysteries of God, to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God. For there is nothing hid save that it should be manifested; neither was anything made secret, but that it should come to light."

Farmington, Me. ROBERT P. DOREMUS.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

American Magazine, June. —*Arthur Chapman.*

TO FRITZ KREISLER.

He came from battlefields and played to me
Upon the strings were like an angel's harp,
Both strange and oft-repeated melody,
And with a soul's full mastery of art.

I heard throughout the many vibrant strains
Not only joys and sorrows of his life;
But, through his heart, the agonies and pain
Of wretched millions knowing war's mad strife.

When bow he drew across responding string
I could but think, despite the notes so true,
How he had stood where shells their havoc bring
And nations ope the deepest hell to view.

How glad my heart that he had safely fared
Through agonies of war, and kept his art!
Perchance for nation's healing it is spared
As wider love shall come to fill his heart.

To me he played, whose name he never knew,
And to a thousand others strange to him,
Awaking tenderness, increased or new,
For all the nations maddened by war's din.

So may we touch the quick-responding string
Around the earth, and wake each human heart
To tenderness which peace shall surely bring—
The crowning glory of his perfect art!

—LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XII.

Charlemagne 742-814—Crowned Emperor 800

The Founder of the "Holy Roman Empire"

Mrs. William Rothmann, Leader

"Let not the way of justice be disturbed by any one, either through the flattery or bribery of any man, or through the protection of any relative or through fear of the powerful."

In such a comprehensive study as ours it is essential that we find the historical connecting links. For six centuries the Roman Empire, with capital at Rome, occupied Italy, France, Spain and the whole of the northern territory of Africa and Palestine,—completely circling the Mediterranean Sea. So far as religion was concerned, Rome was an easy task master. When a country was conquered the people were allowed to worship as they pleased. Rome was only concerned as to the payment of taxes and military service. These tributes rendered, the obligations of the colonies to Rome ceased.

But the time came when, weakened by excesses within and pressed upon by savage foes without, she lost her prestige. Her capital was removed to Constantinople, and in the era of confusion following she gradually lost her proud place as ruler of the world.

In 395 A. D. the kingdom was divided and from that date the two empires, the Eastern or Byzantine, with Constantinople its capital, and Western, with Rome its capital, must be considered separately.

During the era of the Great Migration in the fifth century, Europe was turbulent with the movements of restless tribes. Three great barbaric leaders, Alaric the Goth, Attila the Hun, and Genseric the Vandal, led their tribes southward. Rome, the beautiful, filled with all sorts of treasures, was pillaged and burned and left a ruin of her former greatness.

Meantime the Franks, a German tribe, had been planting themselves in Northern Gaul, the Visigoths in Spain and Southern Gaul, and the Anglo Saxons in Britain had been gathering themselves into rude governments. In Italy, Spain and Gaul the Teutons had absorbed the native poulation and the races gradually blended. Latin was, however, for centuries the only written language, and Roman forms and names were continued long after Rome had fallen.

In Britain, however, the Anglo-Saxons, who had not been brought into contact with Roman civilization, retained the speech of their fathers and the roots

of many English words are traceable back to these early conquerors.

The tribe called Longbeards or Lombards flourished at this time in Italy and for several hundred years made trouble in trying to hold the territory against Pope and savage neighbors.

The Church, through all this turmoil, was the one thing that held steady. Under such leaders as Ambrose, Augustine and Gregory the Great it gradually became a great stimulating and dominating force.

Of the new monarchies that had risen on the ruins of Rome, that of the Franks was the greatest. At first this was merely a number of principalities led by the strongest tribe among them. Clovis, first of the Merovingian house, the first Frankish king, turned Christian as the result of a vow, and with three thousand warriors was baptized at Rheims. His descendants were weak and finally all power was assumed by the Prime Minister, or Mayor of the Palace.

When the Saracens, Arabic Mohammedans, invaded Gaul, the Mayor, Charles Martel, led the Franks to their famous victory at the battle of Tours.

Pope Stephen III in Italy was having much trouble from the Lombards, and when Charles Martel died, his son Pepin helped the Pope drive them off, for which service the Pope made him first king of the Carolingian dynasty. After his coronation he gave to the Pope the province of Ravenna, which had been taken from the Lombards. This "Donation," the origin of the temporal power of the Pope, was held until 1870, and was the first act of consecration of the "Holy Roman Empire."

The son of Pepin was Charles, or Charlemagne, whose birthplace is unknown. Little is known of his early education except that he had a thorough military training. When twenty-six years old his father died and the kingdom was divided between him and his brother, who died soon afterward, and Charlemagne took charge of the whole kingdom.

Charlemagne seems to have been a man of wonderfully attractive personal appearance, of huge size, erect and muscular, impressing those who knew him with a sense of power. While temperate in his habits he lived the polygamous life of the period and at one time had five wives. He was generous to his friends, indulgent to his children, generally placable with his enemies, with the exception of the Saxons, of whom he is said to have beheaded forty-five hundred in one day. He brought Alcuin, an Anglo-Saxon monk, from Britain to instruct his family. He established industrial schools and organized the first European university in Paris. Although his palaces were so luxurious as to be called "Little Rome," and his courtiers dressed magnificently, Charlemagne was hardy in habits and unconcerned in dress. Next to Alcuin he was the best educated man of the age, encouraged the copying of ancient manuscripts, the study of the sciences, belles letters, music and the languages. Loving and fostering the music of the church, he was also fond of the old native German ballads, which he gathered together carefully in a collection, afterward destroyed by his pious son Louis.

He was successful in organizing the disordered country into a civilized state. The wisdom and industry of his administration was admirable. He ordered tithes given to the church, established standards of weights and measures, gave special direction for the housing of cattle, sheep and swine in every village, imported hundreds of herbs and fruit trees which were skillfully cared for, gave special attention to the care of stables, curing provisions, price of eggs and poultry and the condition of crops. We owe our word "county" to Charlemagne. A section of land was set apart to be ruled by a Count, over which Charlemagne established a system of inspection. Messengers in his name were required to visit every district four times a year.

Charlemagne's great cleverness lay in his wonderful grasp of all subjects. His "School of the Palace" has been famous all through the ages. He understood Greek some, but knew Latin as his own tongue, studied the rude astronomy of his time, attempted poetry and logic but never could learn to write.

Charlemagne was passionately attached to the church and always worked with its sanction. He was not very pious but was a good Catholic. He insisted that the conquered should embrace Christianity, and baptism as a part of the treaty of peace came to be symbolic of conquest. When the carnage was over the survivors would be summoned before the priests and without instruction immersed or sprinkled as convenient, in lots of thousands. No prelate or clergy was allowed to join the army, a few priests only remaining in the camp to administer the rites and services of the church.

On the other hand the clergy were exposed to the fury of every revolt. Uprisings would occur constantly on the borders, and even in thickly settled districts there was much lawlessness. The lives of the priests were continually in danger and a very different state of affairs existed than we are apt to associate with the church of a few hundred years later when it was sought as a place of advancement. Those early missionaries required no small degree of courage and devotion.

Regarding the place of Charles Magnus in history, Guizot says:

> What could not survive Charlemagne was the central government. Before his time the disorder had been as great in each locality as in the commonwealth generally. No local positions or influences possessed any steadiness or permanence. During his forty-six years of government these influences had time to become rooted in the same soil. They acquired stability, the first condition of progress which was destined to render them independent and hereditary and make them the elements of the feudal regime.
>
> Nothing, certainly, less resembled feudalism than the sovereign unity which Charlemagne aspired to establish, yet he is the true founder of feudal society. By arresting external invasions and repressing intestine disorders he gave to local situations, fortunes, influences, sufficient time to take real possession of the country. After him his general government perished, but . . . the central sovereignty of Charlemagne resolved itself into a multitude of local sovereignties to which a portion of the strength of his government had been imparted, and which had acquired under its shelter the conditions of reality and durability. . . . It is evident that, by his wars, by his government and by his action upon minds, Charlemagne has left the most profound traces, that western Europe left his hands entirely different from what it was when he received it.

(1) Describe the territory included in the "Holy Roman Empire."

(2) In what year was the empire disrupted?

(3) In the government established by Charlemagne, do you find the seed of feudalism?

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

PEACE TERMS

[Leading article of *Het Volk*, official organ of the Dutch Socialist party, 16th of February, 1916.]

Everyone will agree that the war has come to a deadlock; that peace will not be the result of the total exhaustin of one of the parties. So proposals of peace should contain a practical basis for a future peace treaty; which furthermore should take into account the actual military and economical positions of the belligerents. The situation at present is:

The Central Powers have conquered: 1. Nearly the whole of Belgium. 2. Eight Departments of France. 3. Large territories of Russia. 4. The whole of Serbia. 5. The whole of Montenegro.

The Allies have gained the following advantages: 1. A small part of Alsace. 2. A small region in Asia Minor. 3. Territory along the Italian frontier. 4. All the German Colonies. 5. They have driven the German mercantile fleet from the seas and stopped the whole of the German over-seas trade.

Now it appears from the various indications that Germany is not unwilling to give back all this conquered territory, but that she expects an enormous indemnity to make up for the financial losses she has suffered. Dr. Helfferich, the German Minister of Finance, has mentioned that indemnity twice without any one in Germany finding exception to his utterances. The first time he said that "not Germany, but those who have desired this war will have to bear the burden of its cost." The second time he was less emphatic, but he said: "That even the indemnity which we expect to receive will not prevent Germany from having to find new means to replenish her treasury."

Cunow, in a leading article in the *Hamburger Echo*, evidently also takes the indemnity for granted: France, Belgium and Russia will have to buy back their territory. But if peace is made now, neither party will acknowledge that. So neither will consent to pay.

The first point to be settled before peace terms can be discussed is: *Neither party shall demand an indemnity.*

And now the exchange:

Let us for a moment suppose that the situation as it is now should become a permanent one. Then Germany would be enlarged in the West by Belgium and by a part of France about half the size of the Netherlands; but she would not be able to send a ship on the sea, she would not be able to resume her overseas trade or to reach any of her colonies. And yet the liberty of the sea is indispensable to her, if Germany is ever to proceed with her economical development.

The only solution would be to exchange the territory conquered by Germany in the West of Europe for the liberty of the seas. The restoration of Serbia and Montenegro and of Russian territory not belonging to Poland would be compensated for by the recovery of the German colonies, Russian Poland would become an independent state, as the Czar promised at the beginning of the war; it would become a buffer state protecting Germany from Russian aggression.

If all this could be brought about, there would still be the difficulties between Russia and Turkey and between Austria and Italy. As, however, these difficulties do not apply to transfer of populations to an alien rule, these questions are not so serious.

Of the greatest importance, however, is the problem of how to deal with Alsace-Lorraine. When the war ends in a draw, there can be no question of the Germans allowing it to become a French province, nor of the French allowing it to remain German. The only solution is that Alsace-Lorraine should become an independent state, perhaps united to Luxembourg under one form of government. Should the inhabitants choose the form of a monarchy, we may expect them to be wise enough to choose neither a German nor a French ruler.

One objection to these peace terms will be that they will satisfy neither party. The Germans believing that the war was thrust upon them will object to paying themselves the milliards of money it has cost; the French and the Belgians cannot admit the State that brought about the destruction of their country to come out of the war unscathed and unpunished.

Yet these feelings are unavoidable. We do not believe that the peace terms proposed by us will *at once* be accepted by the belligerents; but when they begin to realize, after a renewed but ineffectual bloody endeavor to crush their opponents, that their position has not really improved much, then they may understand that a way out has to be found on the lines we have indicated. It is the task of the Socialists in all

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countries to point out that way; may they have the strength and the courage to do so successfully. Humanity will be grateful to them for their noble work.

From the Holland News, Organ Nederlandsche Anti-Oorlog Raad.

ROBERT BROWNING AND THE VEDANTA

Those great wise men of the East knew, as Abt Vogler says, how "to build broad on the roots of things." That is their salient characteristic. In the Rig-Veda it is recorded that the disciple came to the Master and questioned: "What is that by knowing which all else becomes known?" He did not ask for facts or information. He asked to be taught the basic principle of life and knowledge. All the Vedas following this earliest scripture were composed as answers to that fundamental question, to know that which lies behind all knowledge. But such knowledge is not the ordinary knowledge we gain from books. It is not the knowledge of the university campus or the library. Browning himself has described it in "An Epistle":

"So here—we call the treasure knowledge, say,
Increased beyond the fleshly faculty—
Heaven opened to a soul while yet on Earth,
Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven."

But for this revelation higher perspective powers are necessary, the Vedanta declares. "Man has within him three states of consciousness,—the sub-conscious, the conscious and the super-conscious; or as Browning expresses it in his "Death in the Desert":

Three souls which make up one soul.
What Does, what Knows, what Is; three souls, one man.

According to the Vedic teaching, the sub-conscious mind is the mind of the body, the mind that does. It is the mind which makes the heart beat and the lungs breathe, which draws us back automatically from pain and pushes us towards pleasure. Above this is the intellect, the mind that knows, by which man perceives, classifies and associates ideas, thus gaining what we ordinarily call knowledge. Still beyond is the super-conscious or the spiritual mind, by which man apprehends being directly. In this state of consciousness he no longer reasons or infers. He sees face to face what is. The hidden laws of God become apparent to him and he learns to identify himself with the Universal. As Browning describes it in "Sordello": "Divest mind of even thought and lo, God's unexpressed Will dawns upon us."

To attain this state of spiritual illumination is the goal held out by the Vedic Seers to every living being; for through it alone will a light be kindled in the heart by which man will perceive his true nature and the true nature of all things. Every man is "a God, though in the germ," we read in the "Rabbi Ben Ezra"; and in "Sordello," man "must fit to the finite his infinity." The soul, in Browning's conception of life, cannot stop short of the Infinite, the *Sat, Chit, Anandam,* or "Existence, Absolute, Knowledge and Bliss Absolute of the Vedas. Therefore he tells us in "Sordello" again: "Let essence whatsoever it be, extend, never contract." With him, as with the Ancient Indo-Aryan Seers, all salvation, or ultimate attainment can be reached only through the full revelation of the soul to itself. When that supreme moment arrives and the veil drops from Spirit, then the Svetasvatara-Upanishad declares: "As a mirror clouded by dust shines bright again after it has been polished, so is the embodied satisfied and free from grief after he has beheld the real nature of his Self. And when by means of the real nature of his Self, he sees, as by lamp, the real nature of the Supreme, then having known the Eternal God, who is beyond manifest nature, he is freed from all fetters."

Sister Devamata.

Message of the East.

The Hon. Henry Morgenthau, ambassador to Turkey, who has tendered his resignation to President Wilson, will continue to work for Armenian relief, and is planning to make a trip of two weeks to cities in the West, going as far as St. Louis, in accordance with invitations he has received. At meetings in these cities he will urge larger gifts for the Armenians in order that they may be, as far as possible, re-established in their homes and supplied with seeds and implements so that they may again become self-supporting.

The New Armenian.

LADY MAY

You will know her by her bonnet with the strings a-blowin' out,
An' a laylock she's a-wearin' in her hair;
You will know her by the sunshine she's a-scatterin' about,
An' her whistle in the birches over there.

You will know her by her slippers, an' the color of her eyes,
An' the kisses of her pretty, poutin' lips;
You can tell her by her giggle, an' her look o' glad surprise,
An' the dewdrops on her rosy finger-tips.

She's a-comin' up the medder, don't you see her yaller gown?
She's a-tiptoe, an' a-trippin' right this way,
With a trail o' joy behind her, an' a new moon for a crown,
An' a—bless your heart! why, howdy, Lady May?

—*Herbert Randall.*

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